West. Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.
War. And *Warwicke* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chac'd you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.
North. No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.
Yorke. Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Yorke. Peace sonnes.
North. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally descent?

Suppose by right and equity thou be King:
Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly seate,
Wherein my Father, and my Grandsire sate?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my Realme,
I and our Colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our hearts great sorrow)
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
King. Why *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the C
Yorke. Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to say, my Titles weake,
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
Yorke. I tell thee he rose against him being his Souer
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrain'd,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heyre must succeede and reigne.
King. Art thou against vs Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not King *Henry* shall be thus deposde.
War. Deposd he shall be in despight of thee.
Nor. Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:
Tis not thy Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norfo
And Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and pro
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Clif. King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,